

## Why Am I the One

Fun.

I got enough on my mind  
That when she pulls me by the hair,  
She hasn't much to hold onto.  
She keeping count on her hand:  
One, two, three days that I've been sleeping on my side.

I finish kissing my death,  
So now I head back up the steps  
Thinking about where I've been.  
I mean the sun was never like this.

I wanna feel with the seasons.  
I guess it makes sense.  
'Cause my life's become as vapid as  
A night out in Los Angeles,  
And I just wanna stay in bed

and hold you like I used to.  
You know that I am home.  
So, darling, if you love me,  
Would you let me know?

Or go on, go on, go on, if you were thinking that the worst is yet to come  
Why am I the one always packing up my stuff?  
For once, for once, for once I get the feeling that I'm right where I belong  
. .  
Why am I the one always packing up my stuff?

She got enough on her mind  
That she feel no sorrow.  
I let my fate fill the air,  
So now she rolling down the window.  
Never been one to hold on  
But I need a last breath.  
So I ask if she remembers when  
She used to come and visit me.  
We were fools to think that nothing could go wrong.

Go on, go on, go on, if you were thinking that the worst is yet to come  
Why am I the one always packing up my stuff?  
For once, for once, for once I get the feeling that I'm right where I belong  
Why am I the one always packing up my stuff?

I think I kinda like it but I might have had too much.

I'll move back down  
To this western town.  
When they find me out,  
Make no mistake about it.

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To this western town.  
When they find me out,  
Make no mistake about it.

I'll move back down  
To this western town.

Go on, go on, go on, if you were thinking that the worst is yet to come  
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I'll move back down...